CAPE ANN IN STORY, LEGEND AND SONG

SECTION FIVE

The Sargent Family and the Old Sargent Homes

BY CHARLES EDWARD MANN

LYNN
FRANK S. WHITTEN
1919

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PREFATORY NOTE

This publication is a part of a larger plan, under the general title of "Cape Ann in Story Legend and Song," and five sections have already been printed in the *Gloucester Times*. This section is published at this time to meet the wishes of many who desire to have it in a more permanent form.

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CAPE ANN

Cape Ann! with rock-bound, ocean-girded strand,
Breathing arbutus and magnolia perfume free—
From fields made sweet with odors of the sea—
Wafting the scent of roses from the land.
Home of the hardy fisher, worn and tanned—
The honey-pink and sweet-brier here we see,
Hiding 'neath mossy rock or shadowy tree,
And here the laurel. With soft breezes fanned.
Out from the harbor bird-like schooners go.
'Twixt Ten-Pound Isle and busy Rocky Neck,
Off to the Banks where deep tides restless flow;
And home they come, their great fares 'neath the deck;
Or else on Brace's Rock or Norman's Woe,
Storm-driven, the seaman faces death, or wreck.

Rich in romance the story of her years—
Of Conant and the Planters from afar:
Their toils and sorrows, of the famous "Jarre"
The "Peace of Salem," bringing joy for fears.
And then the spectre garrison appears;
Peg Wesson sails her broom-stick aero-car,
Grim revolution calls the fisher-tar
And distant seas behold the privateers.
Desolate widows walk in Dogtown's street
And Sammy Stanley sings, lugubrious, long;
Luce George and Judy Rhines, the seers, repeat
Their portents dire; Black Neil his tale of wrong.
Then Whipple, Rantoul, Sargent, Winter, greet
The world with essay, eloquence and song.

Cape Ann in Story, Legend and Song.

BY CHARLES EDWARD MANN.

SECTION FIVE.

The Sargent Family and the Old Sargent Homes.

CHAPTER ONE.

THE SARGENT FAMILY.

The home of our infantile years.—*Samuel Gilman.*

Oh, Mother Earth, appeas'd, since thou
Back to thy grasping arms has won him,
Soft be thy hand, like his and now
Lie thou in mercy lightly on him.

Rochester was right; few things were ever benefited by translation, but a bishop.

—*Lucius Manlius Sargent*, on his own translation of Martial's epitaph on a slave-barber.

At the close of that year, 1799—I was a small boy then—I was returning from a ride on horseback to Dorchester (City) Point—there was no bridge, and it was quite a journey. As I approached the town, I was very much surprised at the tolling of the bells. Upon reaching home, I saw my old father, at an unusual hour for him, the busiest man alive, to be at home, sitting alone in our parlor, with his bandana before his eyes. I ran toward him, with the thoughtless gaiety of youth, and asked what the bells were tolling for. He withdrew his handkerchief from his face—the tears were rolling down his fine old features—"Go away child," said he, "don't disturb me; do you not know that Washington is dead?"

—*Anecdote of Daniel Sargent*, told by his son.

—They buried out of the city, and generally by the wayside. . . . On the road from Cape Ann Harbor to Sandy Bay, now Rockport, are a solitary grave and monument—the grave of one who chanced there to die.
—*Dealings with the Dead*, page 16.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew
We'll say, Let the storm come down.
And the song of our hearts shall be,
A home on the rolling sea;
A life on the ocean wave!

—*Epes Sargent.*

Farewell! be thy destinies onward and bright!
To thy children the lesson still give,
With freedom to think, and with patience to bear,
And for right ever bravely to live.
Let not moss-covered error moor thee at its side
As the world on truth's current glides by;
Be the herald of light, and the bearer of love,
Till the stock of the Puritans die.

—"Fair Harvard," written for the two hundredth anniversary of Harvard College by *Samuel Gilman.*

The efforts to preserve for generations to come the ancient Sargent-Murray-Gilman house in Gloucester, as a memorial to Samuel Gilman, preacher and poet and author of "Fair Harvard"; to Rev. John Murray, the apostle of Universalism, and Judith (Sargent) Murray, his gifted wife; and as one of the finest examples we have of Colonial architecture, makes it appropriate at this time for me to fulfil my purpose of devoting one of the papers in this series to the Sargent family, which flourished in Gloucester during the colonial period.

SOME REPRESENTATIVE HOUSES OF THE SARGENT FAMILY

When Col. Epes Sargent died, just before the Revolution, his children and grandchildren, and those of his sister Ann (Sargent) Ellery, were the only living descendants

of his father William, son of the early settlers, William and Mary (Epes) Sargent; but Col. Sargent left five sons, in prosperous circumstances, and several well-married daughters. A century later, John James Babson, Gloucester's gifted and painstaking historian, was unable to find any of his descendants on Cape Ann excepting those of his daughters and granddaughters; but he was able to identify a number of fine old mansions which had been built by the sons, and of these the Sargent-Murray-Gilman house and two others remain.

The oldest of these is the building on Liberty street, which two generations, at least, knew as the Webster House. It was the mansion of Col. Epes Sargent, and stood for something like a hundred years on the site of the present Custom House and Post Office. Col. Epes had a grandson, bearing his name, who was the first collector of the port of Gloucester, who lived in the house and had his office therein, so that it might properly be termed Gloucester's first Custom House. At a later date, we are told, it was for a time the home of Robert Rantoul, one of the great men of Essex County and Massachusetts, who was collector of the port of Boston after his removal thither, before his distinguished career in Congress, where he died in the harness, his requiem being sung by Whittier.

Another of the Sargent houses was what was in later years known as the Mansfield House, the home of Daniel Sargent (son of Col. Epes), and later of his son Ignatius, both of whom became noted Boston merchants, Ignatius selling the house to Capt. Theodore Stanwood. This long stood on Rogers street, but its original site was that now occupied by the Ferguson block.

Not only the Sargent-Murray-Gilman house should be grouped with these, but the Gilbert Home, in which lived

Ann, sister of Col. Epes Sargent and wife of Nathaniel Ellery (whose portrait was painted by John Singleton Copley, and whose descendants are the only representatives of this famous Sargent family now living on Cape Ann), and the Sawyer Library building, long the home of Hon. Thomas Saunders, two of whose daughters married sons of Col. Epes Sargent.

FOUR SARGENT FAMILIES IN NEW ENGLAND.

"William Sargent" must have been quite a common name in England, especially about Northamptonshire, at the time of the Great Emigration. One William Sargent came over in 1629 to Salem, and, with Ralph and William Sprague, joined Thomas Walford at Mishawam, or Charlestown. Sargent lived in the heart of what is now Everett and, as pastor, gathered the flock which became the first church of Old Malden. Another William Sargent emigrated to Ipswich and eventually took up land in that part of Amesbury which is now Merrimac. The flourishing family of Sargents north of the Merrimack river claims no connection, so far as I am aware, with the descendants of the two William Sargents who settled on Cape Ann.

Long ago, in my studies of Dogtown families and their neighbors, I wrote of that William Sargent whose famlly is still numerous on the north side of the Cape, and now desire to write of the family of a fourth William Sargent—the most conspicuous family of the four—a family that began in a runaway match, nearly established itself in Barbadoes, returned to England—perhaps for the Sargent and Epes parental blessings—and then, by a son William, transplanted itself to Cape Ann, there to flourish until long after the Revolution, during which period its members become a leaven which in a marked manner influenced the life of the sturdy community—commercially, politically and theologically.

INFLUENCE OF SARGENTS SUSTAINED REV. JOHN MURRAY.

When George Pickering and Aaron Waitt came to preach Methodism in the abandoned Up-in-Town church, on the Green at Cape Ann, they found that another disciple of John Wesley, John Murray, (albeit repudiated by the father of Methodism) had beaten them in the field by half a century. Had it not been for the courage, intellectual force, influence and wealth of Winthrop Sargent and the devotion of his daughter, Judith Sargent, John Murray would not have found Cape Ann such a haven of rest, and it is doubtful if Washington would have been so firm in his purpose of letting the preacher of strange doctrines serve as a Continental Army chaplain.

Oddly enough, most of the early Wesleyan preachers returned to England at the time of the Revolution, leaving Francis Asbury—the "prophet of the long road"— in the South and John Murray in the North to preach their divergent versions of free salvation very much by themselves.

The business, intellectual and professional life of Boston drew the succeeding generations of the Sargent family away from Cape Ann, and few descendants of the first William, of Colonel Epes and of Winthrop Sargent, bearing the name, are there; but their memorials remain, in the form of still fine old mansions, churches, dotted over the Cape, in the finest types of mortuary tablets, and in the moral and intellectual fibre of the community life.

SUCCEEDING GENERATIONS BECAME PROMINENT IN OTHER LOCALITIES.

What is true of Gloucester is even more abundantly true of Boston. The Arnold Arboretum bears another name, to be sure, but what would it have been had it not had for a lifetime the fostering, developing oversight of Prof. Charles Sprague Sargent, whose lovely estate, adjoining,

is more like a park than any public park about Boston, as thousands who visit it, annually, can testify. He is the son of Ignatius Sargent, who was born in Gloucester in 1800 and was for twenty-eight years president of the Globe bank in Boston.

I noticed in the list of donors to the Sargent-Murray-Gilman fund, recently, the name of Fitz William Sargent. The oldest son of the first William was Fitz William. The father of John Singer Sargent, the painter, was Fitz William Sargent. The name "Epes" appeared in the third generation, of course from the marriage of the first William Sargent and Mary Epes, and there have been Epes Sargents ever since, the latest a well-known dramatist.

Since I commenced this study of the Sargents, I have seen a query in the Boston Transcipt as to whether any members of the family of Winthrop Sargent, the eminent writer of Philadelphia, were living. He was grandson of Gov. Winthrop Sargent of Mississippi, who got his name from his father, Capt. Winthrop Sargent of Gloucester, who was named for his father, Col. Epes Sargent's, brother, Winthrop (son of the original settler William) and there have always been Winthrop Sargents. The present Winthrop Sargent of Philadelphia heads the subscriptions for the Sargent-Murray-Gilman house.

Good old Daniel Sargent named a younger son Lucius Manlius, and, but three years ago, the latest Lucius Manlius Sargent graduated from Harvard University. Col. Epes Sargent married, for his second wife, Catherine Winthrop, widow of Hon. Samuel Browne, a descendant of Gov. Winthrop and granddaughter of Gov. Thomas Dudley. She named her son Paul Dudley Sargent, and Paul Dudley Sargents and Dudley Sargents are also numerous and influential.

CHAPTER TWO

THE OLD SARGENT MANSIONS.

By each tented roof, a charger's hoof
Makes the frosted hill-side ring;
Give the bugle breath, and a spirit of Death
To each horse's girth will spring.

—*Horace Binney Sargent.*

Let us now consider more in detail the homes of the Sargent family in Gloucester, the owners or occupants, and their descendants.

A century and a half ago, much of what we would now call the heart of Gloucester—at the Harbor, of course, belonged to the Sargent family. Its boundaries were, roughly, these: Beginning at the foot of Duncan street and running along the shore to Vinson's Cove; thence diagonally to the corner of Chestnut and Prospect street—then Back street—along that street to Pleasant and through Pleasant and Duncan streets to the point of beginning. It had been the farm of William Sargent, second, son of the runaway pair, William and Mary (Epes) Sargent, already mentioned. At the shore front were the wharves and warehouses of the Sargents. Winthrop Sargent owned the brig "King of Prussia" and Epes Sargent the snow "Charlotte," the only square-rigged vessels belonging to Gloucester.

THE COL. SARGENT HOUSE.

At the corner of Spring (now Main) and Pleasant streets, on the site of the postoffice and custom-house, stood the mansion of Col. Epes Sargent, occupied by his descendants for two generations. It was turned around in later years, and removed to the rear of the lot. Many will recall it as the Webster House. Twenty-five years ago it was removed

to Liberty street. My lamented friend, Warren P. Dudley, Esq., for thirty-three years secretary of the civil service commission (who commenced his practice of law in Gloucester) used to repeat with great gusto a colloquy between its owner, Nathaniel Webster, and the building mover, the late Mayor Parsons, when the ancient building, still occupied by Mr. Webster, was on its journey, the story being very characteristic of both the principals.

Mr. Babson speaks of the Col. Epes Sargent house as standing, with various alterations, "until recent times," on the spot where it was erected, but in the same connection speaks of it as still standing on Pleasant street.

I have already partially explained the reason (other than pride in the exploit of Mary Epes) which causes the recurrence of the name "Epes" in each generation. William Sargent, the second, married Mary Duncan, daughter of Peter, whose name is perpetuated in Duncan street, the marriage being solemnized by her grandfather, Deputy Governor Symonds. The pair had fourteen children, but Col. Epes Sargent was the only one who left descendents bearing the name of Sargent. The colonel won his military title after he had removed from Gloucester to Salem, where he died in 1762. His body was buried in the ancient parish burying ground in Gloucester.

His son Epes, father of the Collector of the Port, and owner of the largest number of vessels of any of the family, married Catherine, daughter of Hon. John Osborne of Boston. He became a storm-center during the Revolution, having been a loyalist, and, with his brother Winthrop, tasted some of the bitterness of religious persecution, through his support of the doctrines of Rev. John Murray. No one in this day, when we find ourselves so closely allied with the Mother Country, will be disposed

to quarrel with the warm eulogy of Mr. Babson, who says he endured political obloquy and reproach, and the effects of religeous bigotry and intolerance, "as seeing Him who is invisible," and "rich in faith and the memories of a just and pure life, passed away to the tomb."

THE DIVISION OF COL. EPES SARGENT'S PROPERTY.

Epes Sargent, Esq., evidently became an occupant of the ancestral mansion upon the removal of his father to Salem. When Col. Epes Sargent died, he left no will, but a very large property, as stated. This was divided between his sons and daughters, his landed and other estate being parted into four divisions.

The first of these, including the homestead property at the corner of Spring and Cross (or Pleasant) streets, which he occupied, was selected by the elder son. The latter also received another parcel of land on the south side of Fore (or Spring) street, best described as between Water and Pearce streets, and including the wharf property, which he later sold to Col. William Pearce, and which the steamboats now use.

This was so much more valuable than some of the other parts allotted that he agreed to pay over 371 pounds in money to his sister, Sarah Allen, 16 pounds to his brother, Col. Paul Dudley Sargent, later a resident of the District of Maine, and 2 pounds, 13 shillings, to his brother, John Sargent, who received no land in the division, The total value of the property he received from his father's estate was 1226 pounds, 13 shillings and 4 pence.

At the time of the division, 1776, his neighbor on the east was Captain Bradbury Saunders, brother of Hon. Thomas Saunders, and on the north John Stacy. Mr. Babson assumes the latter to have been the father of Deacon Nymphas Stacy, who married Hannah Littlehale, which

assumption seems to be proved by the fact that one description of the Col. Sargent homestead property shows it to have been bounded by land of Nymphas Stacy and a Littlehale.

When Epes Sargent, Esq., died, it was found that his estate was insufficient to meet his indebtedness. In 1820, Fitz William Sargent, son of Capt. Winthrop Sargent, sold to his daughter, Judith Williams, wife of David Williams, for $3,750, the dwelling house and land at the Harbor in Gloucester from the south corner of Epes Ellery's land on Fore street to the corner of Pleasant street, and along Pleasant street to Capt. Joseph Tucker's land.

Epes Ellery was great-grandnephew and namesake of Col. Epes Sargent, and the ancient home of his grandfather, Nathaniel Ellery, and grandmother, Ann (Sargent) Ellery, was given to him by his father, a second Nathaniel Ellery, in 1836. It stood at the corner of Main and Hancock streets, and so could not have been the land referred to in the Fitz William Sargent deed; therefore that sale must have been of the Col. Epes Sargent property. Judith Williams was a widow when signing a deed, as an heir to her father's property, in 1826. Capt. Ellery lived many years in a house adjoining the Col. Sargent house, as related in a later chapter.

Epes Sargent, the loyalist, had a son John Osborne, who married Lydia, daughter of Col. Joseph Foster, and left an only son, Epes, father of that Epes Sargent (whose school readers were my text-books in early days), editor author and poet, who seems best known in Gloucester by his song, "A Life on the Ocean Wave."

"I recollect," once said the honored Benjamin K. Hough to Lucius Manlius Sargent, "when a boy, of seeing your uncle, Epes Sargent. He was a good friend to my widowed mother, and took two of my brothers and brought them up. He died of smallpox in the old war."

THE WINTHROP SARGENT HOUSE.

In the division of the Col. Epes Sargent estate, the second share was taken by the colonel's son, Capt. Winthrop Sargent, father of Judith Sargent (who married Rev. John Murray and became mistress of the Sargent-Murray-Gilman house), of Gen. Winthrop Sargent, governor of Mississippi, and of Fitz William Sargent (great-grandfather of John Singer Sargent), who succeeded to his father's business and at one time was the owner of 80 merchant vessels. Capt. Sargent's mansion stood at the corner of what is now Main and Duncan streets, and his land extended to Duncan's point, including extensive wharf property there.

It appears to me that this portion of the great estate must have come to the colonel by inheritance from Peter Duncan, his father-in-law. At his father's death, this property had been "improved" by Capt. Sargent, but his fine mansion house was not built until a later date. The division mentions only a barn, and one may be excused for wondering if Winthrop Sargent did not build the Sargent-Murray-Gilman house (which he certainly owned, as shown by the fact that it was sold to Frederick Gilman in 1797 by his heirs, including John and Judith (Sargent) Murray) for his own occupancy. The Winthrop Sargent share in the division included other land, and was valued at 737 pounds. The mansion and wharf passed to Fitz William Sargent upon the death of his father, his mother, Anna Sargent, in 1826 releasing to her husband's heirs all her interest in his property and taking in return property at the corner of Water and Fore streets.

The next owner of the property was Winthrop, son of Fitz William Sargent, who after a successful career as a merchant, failed, and mortgaged in 1829 both the homestead property and his house on Middle street near School

street to Ignatius (son of Daniel) Sargent and Peter Chardon Brooks of Boston. In 1834, he sold all his Gloucester property to David Pingree of Salem and established himself in Philadelphia.

His son, Fitz William Sargent, born in Gloucester, became a successful physician in Philadelphia, retired from practice and went to Europe, where, in Florence, his son, John Singer Sargent, was born. The son grew up and has spent his life in London, where Dr. Sargent died. In 1864 there appeared in London a book of 184 pages entitled "England, the United States and the Southern Confederacy," by "Fitzwilliam Sargent, M. D., of Philadelphia," it being a study of conditions in this country preceding the civil war, the purpose being to make clear to the British public the necessity of the abolition of slavery and the preservation of the Union. I hope the Sawyer Free Library has in its possession a copy of this fine contribution to the literature to Civil War days, by one of her too little known sons, whose fame is well-nigh obscured by that of his own brilliant son.

Eventually much of the "homestead" property (as it is always called in the records) of Capt. Winthrop Sargent passed into the hands of Benjamin K. Hough, who had already purchased some of the Daniel Sargent property, to be next described. Mr. Hough was a partner of Fitz William Sargent, owned at his death the land now comprised in the Stage Fort Memorial Park, and lived for 40 years in the Sargent-Murray-Gilman house.

THE DANIEL SARGENT HOUSE.

The third portion of Col. Epes Sargent's estate was allotted to his son Daniel. It comprised land on the north side of Fore street, adjoining the mansion house property, and bounded on the west by land of Joseph Littlehale, and

also the property on the south side of the main street between that of Capt. Winthrop Sargent and Epes Sargent, Esq., already described. He also received land on Back street, apparently in the present vicinity of Warner street, and pew No. 84 in the Harbor meeting house, valued by the appraisers at 17 pounds, six shillings and eight pence. The whole share was valued at 644 pounds, six shillings and eight pence.

Daniel Sargent's mansion house stood, as stated, on the site of the Ferguson block, was later owned by Capt. Theodore Stanwood and I last saw it on Rogers street, before its demolition. To Epes Sargent, Esq., must be given the credit of first entertaining Rev. John Murray; to Capt. Winthrop Sargent, the credit of leading in the fight to secure standing and fair play for Murray, and to Daniel Sargent the credit of furnishing the site for the first chapel of the Christian Independents, adjoining his house.

We know far more about Daniel Sargent than about any of the other sons of Col. Epes Sargent—how he looked, how he talked, what he said, for he was the father of several gifted sons, one of whom, Lucius Manlius Sargent, took particular delight in honoring his father's memory in print. He frequently referred to his fine personal appearance (an endowment which he transmitted to the son), his patriotism, his goodness of heart, his generosity to the needy and deserving. After many years of business success in Gloucester, Daniel Sargent established himself in business in Boston, bought a home in the vicinity of Lincoln and Essex streets, became a devout attendant at the "Old Brick" (First) church, opposite the old State House on Cornhill, now Washington street, living long and happily.

"Daniel Sargent," said John Hannibal Sheppard, "wore a cue about 12 inches long, and a toupee which was parted in curls about the ears, often powdered in the fashion of

the day. His ordinary dress was a grey broadcloth coat, grey or black silk vest, grey kerseymere small clothes and grey silk stockings, with silver shoe and knee buckles; or in wet or cold weather, white top boots and a white neck-stock, and a cocked hat, until late in life he changed it to a white broad brimmed hat in summer or a black one in winter, On the Sabbath or in company he put on a blue coat with metal buttons, a white vest and white stockings. He was stout, but not corpulent; five feet ten inches in height, erect, with a broad chest, and blessed with a robust constitution."

CHAPTER THREE

LUCIUS MANLIUS AND HORACE BINNEY SARGENT.

Swift the manly torrent pours,
In frothy billows, proudly tost;
And, 'midst life's troubled ocean, roars,
Till, all, in noise, is lost.
—L. M. S.

Many years ago, one of the finest gentlemen of the old school who ever lived in Boston, Lucius Manlius Sargent, came to Gloucester with his son, later to be known to fame as Gen. Horace Binney Sargent, and sought out the grave of his grandfather, Col. Epes Sargent, in the old parish burying ground, near the railroad track. The two men arranged at that time for the construction of the tomb which now marks Col. Sargent's resting place.

Lucius Manlius Sargent was not only a gentleman, but a scholar, and it is not strange, therefore, that later he added the ornate marble slab and composed the elaborate epitaph for Col. Sargent that will well repay a visit and perusal by anyone interested in the history, biography and traditions of old Gloucester.

Sargent's brother, Hon. Daniel Sargent, provided the fine wrought-iron gate and the wall at the entrance of the older part of the cemetery, near his grandsire's memorial. The whole proceeding was characteristic, for whatever may be said of the accomplishments and fame of the present generation of Sargents, the fine old Colonial family flowered in Lucius Manlius, and nineteenth century Boston, rich in men of culture, in scholars, in poets, had no finer example of the culture which then won her the title of the "Athens of America," than he. Finely educated, the heir to a fortune, the foundation of which was laid in Gloucester by his father, Daniel Sargent, he chose to live the life of a scholar rather than of a merchant prince, and,

in his richly-stored library at Rock Hill, in Roxbury, spent happy years of leisurely study and scholarly production.

That he read and absorbed the best authors is shown by his published books. Near me as I write are the two-volume collections of his Boston Transcript articles, written through many years, which he whimsically entitled "Dealings with the Dead."

He was a lawyer by training; he might easily have been a clergyman or a great teacher. He had the wit of a humorist, a quick eye to detect an odd situtation and the power to make its description a fine art. He was equally ready to respond to pathos, and while generally refraining from the use of poetry, except as a quotation, wrote often a form of prose that was itself poetry.

A PROFITABLE LAND SPECULATION.

Nothing escaped his attention; and he did not leave to others the preservation of what he saw or learned. The four-volume "Memorial History of Boston," says little of him. Could he have lived ten years longer, it would have had, undoubtedly, chapters from his pen. As it is, much of it would hardly have been written had he not furnished the author's facts or pointed the way to sources of information. "Sigma" was his favorite nom-de-plume. At the end of his two-volume book, referred to above, apparently published annonymously, he placed a half-page preface, to which he appended his name.

To illustrate his facility in both making and preserving history, Dr. Shurtleff, in his "Topographical and Historical Description of Boston," says:

"In November, 1830, a gentleman of the old school, well known in this community for his literary productions, the emanations of a powerful mind drawn by an equally

powerful pen, was taking his customary ride to his country seat, and was, undoubtedly, pondering in his mind what new theme he should next write upon, when his attention was drawn, a short distance north of the Roxbury line, to a small assemblage of persons, and what, to his discerning eye, appeared to be an auctioneer in the form of the well-remembered Stephen Brown. Curiosity, a predominant faculty of the gentleman, Lucius M. Sargent, Esq., who was never afraid to have his name used properly in illustration, at once checked his progress, and making his way to the gathering, he preceived that a land sale was going on; and being of a speculative disposition, when speculation is a reality, he joined in the bidding, and to his surprise, he became the purchaser of three acres, three-quarters and eight rods of land, 165,526 feet, between the present Shawmut avenue and Tremont street, for the small sum of $263.80."

That is, one mill and a half per foot. Dr. Shurtleff, forty years ago, thought the land would sell for three thousand times the price Mr. Sargent gave for it.

The above is one incident of many, showing the nature of the man. He was proud of his family, of its association, from its planting in Gloucester to his own day, with commerce and enterprise, with literature and art; but, he says, "the most beautiful trait of character, which has been prominent in all the history of the individuals of so ancient and numerous a progeny, from William Sargent the first, is the noble and high-minded integrity with which they have been distinguished." The finest type of the traits he thus depicted was Lucius Manlius Sargent himself.

Mr. Sargent was a great admirer of President John Adams, as many references in his writings testify. A young lady once asked him to write in her autograph album. Turning the leaves, he came to the autograph of Adams, and he immediately wrote beneath it:

"Sighs not the gentle heart to save
The sage, the patriot, from the grave!

"If thus, oh then recall that sigh,
Unholy 'tis and vain;
For saints and sages never die,
But sleep, to rise again.
Life is a lengthened day, at best,
And in the grave tired travellers rest;

Till, with his trump, to wake the dead
Th' appointed angel flies;
Then Heav'n's bright album shall be spread;
And all who sleep, shall rise;
The blest to Zion's Hill repair
And write their names immortal there."

An example of his terse comments:

"I had rather be the author of 'Hush-a-bye baby, upon the tree top,' than of Joel Barlow's 'Vision of Columbus'" —for, though I have always perceived the propriety of putting babies to sleep, at proper times, I have never entirely appreciated the wisdom of doing the very same thing to adults, at all hours of the day."

POEM BY GEN. HORACE BINNEY SARGENT.

Lucius Manlius Sargent's fine traits descended to his son, Gen. Horace Binney Sargent, soldier and orator—yes, and poet. In the Atlantic Monthly for May, 1863, he published "After Taps," which pictures the spirit of the man as clearly as a column of personal description:

"Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
As I lay with my blanket on,
By the dim fire-light in the moonlit night,
When the skirmishing fight was done.

The measured beat of the sentry's feet
With the jingling scabbard's ring!
Tramp! Tramp! in my meadow-camp,
By the Shenandoah's spring.

The moonlight seems to shed cold beams
On a row of pale grave-stones!
Give the bugle breath, and that image of Death
Will fly from the reveille's tones.

* * * *

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp Tramp!
The sentry, before my tent,
Guards, in gloom, his chief, for whom
Its shelter, tonight is lent.

I am not there. On the hlll-side bare,
I think of the ghost within;
Of the brave who died, at my sword-hand side
Today, 'mid the horrible din.

* * * *

I thought of a blossoming almond tree
The stateliest tree that I know,
Of a golden bowl; of a parted soul;
And a lamp, that is burning low.

* * * *

Of my pride and joy—my oldest boy;
Of my darling, the second in years;
Of Willie, whose face, with its pure, mild grace,
Melts memory into tears;

Of their mother, my bride, by the Alpine lake's side,
And the angel asleep in her arms;
Love, Beauty and Truth, which she brought to my youth,
In that sweet April day of her charms.

* * * *

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
With a solemn pendulum swing;
Though I slumber all night, the fire burns bright,
And my sentinel's scabbards ring.

'Boots and saddle' is sounding. Our pulses are bounding!
'To horse!' And I touch with my heel
Black Gray in the flanks, and ride down the ranks,
With my heart, like my sabre, of steel."

Prof. Walter Sargent, a grandson of Gen. Horace Binney Sargent, now of Chicago, but for many years state supervisor of drawing in Massachusetts, was born in Worcester in 1863, and besides being a college professor has shown notable paintings in many fine exhibitions.

HOW AN OUTLAWED DEBT WAS DISCHARGED.

In his best-known book, "Dealings with the Dead," Lucius Manlius Sargent tells at length the story of the discovery, after his father, Daniel Sargent's, death, in 1806, of a package of papers, labelled "notes, due-bills and accounts against sundry persons, down along shore. Some of these may be got by suit or severe dunning. But the people are poor: most of them have had fishermen's luck. My children will do as they think best. Perhaps they will think with me, that it is best to burn this package entire." After a list of the names, dates and amounts of the bills had been prepared, that the debtors might be told their debts were forgiven, the bills, amounting, with interest, to over $32,000, were committed to the flames.

Months after, a hard-favored little old man from Cape Cod came in, produced an ancient leather pocket-book and took therefrom between $700 and $800. John Turner Sargent, who, as the eldest son, acted as administrator of the elder Sargent's estate, was told that the stranger had come to pay a note owed to the old man's heirs, looked at his list, and found the debtor's name. He told him the note was outlawed, but was told the debtor wished to pay it. Then the son explained the whole story, and said the note had been destroyed.

With joy, the happy old gentleman related the story of the long efforts to save the money, ending with the sale of a cow to procure the last $20, and went on his way rejoicing. The son told of one of the brothers, who was present, that he would gladly pay him his share of the loss for the pleasure derived from the incident.

OTHER DESCENDANTS OF DANIEL SARGENT.

Daniel Sargent's son Daniel, as stated, became state treasurer of Massachusetts, and his portrait is preserved at the State House. A second son, Ignatius, apparently succeeded to his father's Gloucester business, but eventually engaged in business in Boston. His son, also named Ignatius, for twenty years president of the Globe bank in Boston, was father of Prof. Charles Sprague Sargent of Harvard College, the eminent arborculturist, whose lovely estate in Brookline is so popular a resort in the rhododendron season, and who is chiefly responsible for the development of the Arnold Arboretum. Prof. Sargent's grandmother was Sarah Ellery, daughter of Capt. Winthrop Sargent's second daughter, Esther.

John Turner Sargent, son of Daniel, whom William Sullivan, his brother-in-law and son of Governor Sullivan, termed one "who was born to be a nobleman," was father of another John Turner Sargent, a well-known Unitarian clergyman.

Franklin Haven Sargent, son of Rev. John Turner Sargent, is dramatic director of the Madison Square Theatre, New York, and has been president of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts since 1884.

Henry Sargent, still another son of Daniel and brother of Lucius Manlius Sargent, was a painter from his boyhood, when his decorations adorned the garden summer house of Daniel Sargent's mansion near High Street in Boston. Besides his noted painting, "The Landing of the Pilgrims," in Memorial Hall at Plymouth, he painted the best known portrait of Peter Faneuil, now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. His son, Col. Henry Winthrop Sargent, lived in Fishkill, N. Y., and wrote much on horticultural subjects. Another son, Turner Sargent, married

Miss Amelia Jackson Holmes, daughter of the poet, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Of another of his brothers who died early, Lucius Manlius Sargent wrote:

> "Though Heaven to both did equal love impart,
> Yet greater gifts were thine, and happier doom,
> A riper genius and a purer heart,
> A life more virtuous, and an earlier tomb."

THE COL. PAUL DUDLEY SARGENT HOUSE.

The recipient of the fourth parcel in the division of the land and other property of Col. Epes Sargent was his son, Col. Paul Dudley Sargent, and it consisted of land and shore from the line of his brother Epes to Vinson's Cove. Mr. Babson gives no hint of Col. Paul Dudley Sargent ever having lived on any part of the original Sargent property, but we have the testimony of his nephew, Lucius Manilus Sargent, that at the time of the Revolution there were not only the three mansions already referred to on Front street, but two others, and that the five mansions faced each other on opposite sides of the street. This would place Col. Paul Dudley Sargent in a house on the north side of Fore street, not far from his ancestral home. This property the second Col. Sargent sold in 1800 to Samuel Rogers. Col. Sargent married Lucy, daughter of Hon. Thomas Sanders. His half-brother, Winthrop Sargent, married Lucy Sanders' sister Judith, and we can easily picture the two young women living in the noble mansion we now know as the Sawyer Free Library, and walking its still attractive garden paths.

Col. Paul Dudley Sargent is said to have been an active and valuable officer in the Revolutionary war. A study of his Revoluntionary record in my library shows that he was compensated for his services at Lexington and Bunker Hill, that he was twice appointed a colonel (of the Sixteenth and

Twenty-Eighth regiments) by Washington, and was elected colonel of the First Essex regiment by the Provincial Congress, which position he resigned June 5, 1779, having to leave the state for a time.

Another record shows that he was in Amherst, New Hampshire, on April 19, 1775, and that he immediately raised a body of 109 men, and marched with them to Concord. There he was chosen by the officers of seven other companies from Hillsborough County, New Hampshire, as their commander. Two days later, Gen. Artemas Ward ordered him, with his command, to Cambridge. Being a Massachusetts commander of New Hampshire troops, the committee of safety took a hand in the situation, and ordered him to raise a full regiment, assuring him that if New Hampshire would not accept it, Massachusetts would.

After the war, he failed in business and retired to farming in Sullivan, in the District of Maine, represented the town in General Court and held many offices under the state and national governments. A descendant, the present Paul Dudley Sargent, honors the name of the patriot ancestor which he bears. His home is in Augusta, Maine. He is chief engineer of the state highway commission of Maine.

Mr. Dudley A. Sargent of Cambridge, head of the Sargent and Hemenway gymnasiums, is another well-known member of the family.

THE IGNATIUS SARGENT HOUSE.

I do not think John Sargent, the last of the brothers, lived in either of the five houses we are discussing. If he did, it must have been upon the first parcel mentioned in the division as forming part of the allotment to Daniel Sargent, and immediately adjoining the Epes Sargent house. Daniel, or Ignatius Sargent, his second son, probably built

the mansion upon this land at a later date than the construction of the other houses. It belonged to Daniel Sargent, and was sold after his death. In 1825, Ignatius Sargent, second, of Boston, sold property lying between Spring and Back street to Richard Friend, ancestor of all the Gloucester family of Friends. I have already referred to Ignatius Sargent and his career as a merchant in both Gloucester and Boston. Like his elder brother Epes, John Sargent, youngest son of Col. Epes, was a loyalist, and removed with others who sympathized with his views to Barrington, Nova Scotia.

CHAPTER FOUR

JUDITH SARGENT AND JOHN MURRAY.

Nor did the British garden, blooming round
Alone engage the heavenly laborer's toil;
With watchful eye he viewed those tender shoots
Wilholm transported to Columbia's soil;
Those tender lambs he gently led along,
And to their plaints still bent a parent's ear.

—*Rev. John Murray* on the death of Chatham.

Judith, eldest of the children of Capt. Winthrop and Judith (Sanders) Sargent, married first, John Stevens, and went to live in the famous mansion now known as the Sargent-Murray-Gilman house; and second, Rev. John Murray, the apostle of Universalism. Judith Sargent was the first distinctively literary woman of Gloucester birth of whom I have any knowledge. She was to the literary history of Cape Ann what Abigail (Smith) Adams (daughter of a colonial pastor, wife of one president of the United States, mother of another and first mistress of the White House) was to that of Weymouth and Braintree. Both were voluminous writers.

Lucius Manlius Sargent says of his Cousin Judith: "She was a most kind, affectionate and excellent lady. She wrote poetry by the acre. That was her stumbling block." Robert Treat Paine, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, wrote of her play, "The Traveller's Return": "The traveller has gone to that bourne from which no traveller ever did return." From Georgia to Maine, in his itinerant preaching tours, Rev. John Murray appears to have made her large duodecimo volumes called "The Gleaner," which he sold, contribute materially to his support "preaching universal salvation and universal subscription."

Her pen name was "Honora Martesia." Here is a brief sample of her verse:

> "Amid the haunts of memory let me stray,
> As duty, love and friendship point the way;
> With hand of diligence, and humid eye,
> The faithful record tearfully apply."

The lines appear as the opening of her contribution to the "Life of Rev. John Murray," of which two editions lie beside me as I write. I doubt if Lucius Manlius Sargent, when he playfully reflected on his aunt's voluminous output of verse, considered a fact which all must now admit, that gifts that were to distinguish the family for three succeeding generations first found expression through her.

Abigail Adams' style was strong, direct and earnest. She wrote on the events of the hour, usually political events, and never used poetry as the vehicle of her thought, though her descriptive powers were remarkable. Judith Sargent, too, wrote often on politics, but she was different—one of the earliest writers I recall to use the ornate, flowery style that so distinguished many nineteenth century writers, her nephew, Lucius Manlius, among the number. I do not think one could discover in Abigail Adams' published or unpublished writings a single sentimental line, though there is plenty of evidence in her letters and journals of her love for and constant thought of her husband and children and her nephews and nieces. Judith Sargent's work abounded in sentiment, though I do not doubt that her convictions were as strong as those of Abigail Adams.

SOME SIDE LIGHTS ON REV. JOHN MURRAY.

It should now be possible to look at some of the pages of Rev. John Murray's Life, written by himself and his better half, and place him in the environment in which he found himself when he came to Gloucester. This was in

1774, and he had been for some time in America, whence he came from his home in England, although many years of his young manhood were spent in Ireland, where for a time he was a Wesleyan Methodist class-leader.

His father was a devoted christian, but a strong believer in the calvinistic doctrine of predestination, these views linking him more with the followers of Whitefield than of Wesley. But the former does not appear to have known the elder Murray, while Wesley frequently visited in his home.

Wesley could not abide the doctrine referred to, much as he loved Whitefield. But such were the younger Murray's graces that Wesley would gladly have made him one of his preachers, while the father had no doubt at all that his son was a child of God. The time came when John Murray suspected Wesley, doctrinally, as much as Wesley, because of his doubts concerning the father, suspected him. In time the young man came to know Whitefield, whom he greatly admired. Soon he allied himself with Whitefield's society in the London Tabernacle.

It is interesting to know that before his first visit to Cape Ann, Murray went to Newburyport, and on the invitation of Rev. Mr. Parsons (in whose arms and at whose home Whitefield died) preached in the old South Church, still standing, afterwards learning that the body of his old friend was buried in a tomb beneath the pulpit where he preached.

Had Whitefield possessed such a genius for organization as did Wesley, it is not hard to believe young Murray would have come to this country as a calvanistic Methodist preacher had he come at all; but the great evangelist preferred to preach, and to use his eloquence in winning money to carry on his orphanages; so, just at the time when his influence was becoming most potent with the youth, Murray heard a

preacher of the doctrines of James Relly, and afterward, with his wife, attended Relly's preaching in London, and joyfully accepted his views.

My library is naturally well fitted out with Wesleyana, but neither in the voluminous histories of Methodism, in the lives of Wesley, nor the earlier editions of Wesley's Journal do I find any reference to either James Relly or John Murray; nor do I find them in my Memoirs of George Whitefield. But Murray's Life, in its earlier chapters, brings us immediately into the presence of the two great evangelists, and furnishes interesting side-lights concerning them—giving almost pen portraits, especially of Wesley.

This article will make no attempt to discuss Rev. John Murray or his views, but it is entirely within its province to sketch briefly the devoted, picturesque preacher of the gospel of reconciliation and restoration, who could not write of London, of Alton in Hampshire (his birthplace) of Cork (his boyhood home) without vividly bringing his surroundings and his friends in view. Soon after his arrival in this country he preached in the Old Tennant Church in Upper Freehold, New Jersey, around which in a few years the battle of Monmouth was to rage, the church building itself, still standing, being used as a hospital. After the sermon he engaged in a doctrinal controversy with the pastor, Rev. William Tennant, for whom the church was named. The whole scene is reproduced in the Life of Murray.

PARSON MURRAY'S FIRST VISIT TO GLOUCESTER.

But, alas! The picturesque element is lacking when we turn to the pages which describe Mr. Murray's invitation to come to Gloucester, six months before the Lexington fight, and his response. The invitation was given after

one of Murray's meetings in Boston, by "Mr. Sargent of Gloucester" and neither Mr. Murray nor Mr. Babson indicate which Sargent it was. It would be following the line of least resistance to say his visitor and his first host in Gloucester was Capt. Winthrop Sargent, but two or three points should be considered.

He says: "November 3d, I repaired to Gloucester, and was received by a few very warm-hearted christians. The mansion-house, the heart, of the then head of the Sargent family, with his accomplished and most exemplary lady, were open to receive me."

Winthrop Sargent had not then built his mansion house, and his older brother, Epes, who died in 1779, and who in 1774 must have been "the then head" of the family, was living in the mansion house of his father, Col. Epes Sargent.

Another point to be considered is that Mr. Murray's Life was edited and completed by Judith Sargent Murray, and her father, Winthrop Sargent, was always known as "Capt." Sargent, the title being not military, but nautical, as is still most frequently the case with titles in Gloucester. Had her father been meant in Mr. Murray's narrative, she would undoubtedly have made the point clear, as she does whenever he is mentioned as the story proceeds.

So we may picture the first preacher of Universalism in America in the original Sargent mansion, the guest of Epes Sargent, Esq., but surrounded by Capt. Winthrop Sargent and others of the noted family. Mrs. Murray tells us that practically all the members of the Sargent family embraced the doctrines preached by Mr. Murray. As he looked from the windows of the mansion, he saw across the highway the smaller house of Capt. Winthrop Sargent, soon to be replaced by the new mansion, but which was to be his preaching place, and usually his

home, until the building of his chapel, nearby, and until his marriage to the daughter of Capt. Sargent, thus becoming the master of the far more famous mansion on Middle street, a short distance away.

THE SARGENT–MURRAY–GILMAN HOUSE.

"To thy bowers we were led in the bloom of our youth,
From the home of our infantile years."

—*Samuel Gilman.*

It takes little imagination to picture the mansion in which Widow Judith Sargent Stephens was waiting for the event which was so signally to change her life, for we have the mansion still. Seated on a bluff which gave its occupants an unobstructed view of the harbor and Eastern Point, with its terraces, ornamented by beds of flowering plants and vines, leading down to "Fore" or Front street; its interior adorned by the cunning hand of workmen as skillful in constructing fine stairways, roomy fireplaces and ornate mantles as their fellow workmen of Manchester were in the construction of the delicate cabinet-work which doubtless went to furnish the charming home; its wainscoting, the delight of every lover of the beauty of Old Colonial architecture, beauty which modern skill seems unable to reproduce—what a fascinating home it was into which to welcome the travel-worn, world-weary, but still militant and devoted itinerant, who might well have said with Wesley, "The world is my parish!"

And all the attractiveness of that home can quite easily be understood by any person who will enter the mansion by its more convenient but at present far from picturesque means of access on Middle street and pass through its fine old rooms to the now disused entrance at its former front. He has entered by Judith Sargent's back door, but he may easily imagine he is gazing through her long closed eyes, as from the porch he sees the very terraces she saw, and

observes the right-of-way to Main street, still preserved, although mercantile buildings now occupy what was doubtless the most level portion of her garden, and other buildings obstruct what must once have been one of the loveliest of the many lovely marine pictures on the Cape.

On these terraces often played little Julia Maria Murray, and about them played also, not many years later, young Samuel, son of Major Frederick Gilman, who was soon to go through Cambridge, become a clergyman and live a useful life, but who, long after his death, was to be remembered with love and gratitude by successive generations of Harvard men, and was to link this fine old place forever with his alma mater, through the medium of an immortal song.

Where is the poet of today who will fitly put in words the spirit that haunts the halls of this time-stained but still in many ways matchless old mansion?

It is true you can still find some splendidly carved wainscotings in the Royall house in Medford, but so many have been stripped from the walls, that only one room shows them intact, while here, in room after room, and on stairway after stairway they enchant you. Deputy Governor Isaac Royall of Medford was a Tory, who made money selling rum in the West Indies and fled thither when the Revolution broke out. His former slave quarters are standing and out in his dismantled garden is a mound upon which once stood a summer house, where the governor's daughter may or may not have listened to words of love.

But the garden terraces are still outside the Sargent-Murray-Gilman house, and its fine old halls are intact, though, standing within, the visitor may naturally recall the words of Tom Moore:

> "I feel as one who treads alone
> Some banquet-hall deserted;
> Whose lights are out, whose guests are flown,
> And all but he departed."

THREE POETS HAVE OCCUPIED THE HOUSE.

Three poets of whom we have knowledge have lived in this house; Judith Sargent, John Murray and Samuel Gilman; and either one of the three could have voiced the spirit of the place, had they but known that, because they lived there, halos of history and tradition would invest it with compelling interest as the generations passed. What a conspicuous mark it must have been for Capt. Linzee's gunners on the fatal day when the Falcon put into Gloucester harbor. How fortunate that the doughty captain had his eye on the steeple of the "Presbyterian" meeting house near by, and instead bombarded that, thus giving the gifted mistress of the colonial mansion, soon to be a manse, an opportunity to witness the entire engagement from the vantage ground of its upper windows.

When the historian Prescott (grandfather of Mrs. Governor Wolcott) placed on his study walls the crossed swords of his two grandsires—Col. William Prescott of Bunker Hill and Captain Linzee—he but anticipated by a half-century the era of good feeling that now exists in every American heart toward the country that in 1775 was our enemy.

A grandson of Judith Sargent's cousin Ignatius was named Charles Linzee, he being a son of Thomas C. Amory, the noted Boston merchant, thus indicating how close was the family feeling resulting from the marriage of Capt. Linzee to the favorite niece of John Rowe, the diarist of Revolutionary days, and the inventor of the sacred codfish, which still adorns the State House. She was Capt. Rowe's adopted child, and his diary shows how great were his misgivings when she gave her heart to the British officer, and how embarrassing were the conditions when, before the Bunker Hill battle, Linzee sailed the Falcon into Boston Harbor and persisted in being a guest

at the old man's house. It was many months thereafter before Boston ceased to regard John Rowe as a Tory; but Boston has no finer patriots today than may be found among Capt. Linzee's descendants.

SOME RECORDS RELATIVE TO THE MANSION HOUSE.

I do not know that Capt. Winthrop Sargent built and gave the Sargent-Murray house to his daughter. Mr. Babson says of it that, at the close of the Revolution, "it had recently been erected, and was occupied by John Stevens. The land in front of his house, extending down to Front street, was laid out in terraces, and tastefully arranged as a flower-garden, as befitted the home of the accomplished lady of the mansion," adding in a footnote "afterwards Mrs. Murray." In another place, however, he says: "John Stevens was a merchant and trader, in which occupation he met with no success and finally became a bankrupt. To avoid being arrested for debt he fled, in a vessel belonging to his father-in-law (Capt. Winthrop Sargent), to St. Eustatia, where he died."

Judith Sargent Stevens continued to live in the house after her husband's flight and death, and it is significant that when the heirs of Capt. Winthrop Sargent sold the house to Major Frederick Gilman, April 28, 1797, the deed was signed by Judith Sargent "in her right." The other signers were Gen. Winthrop Sargent, by his attorney (he being in Mississippi), John Murray, "clerk," John Stevens, Esther Ellery and Fitz William Sargent. The sale was for $3,333, land and buildings on Fore and Middle streets, 69 feet front on Fore street and 121 feet on Middle street, and the deed states that this land was sold to John Stevens by John and James Babson. One has only to glance at the map in Mr. Babson's History of

Gloucester, and read his reference to the Widow Isabel Babson, the founder of the family on Cape Ann, to know that the home of that good lady, the first medical practitioner on the Cape, was on this very spot, other portions of her home-lot having remained in the Babson family for a century and a half.

CHAPTER FIVE

JOHN MURRAY IN GLOUCESTER.

Amid the haunts of memory let me stray,
As duty, love and friendship, point the way,
With hand of diligence, and humid eye,
The faithful record tearfully supply.

—*Judith Sargent Murray*, in Murray's "Life."

December 22, 1774, Mrs. Murray tells us, Mr. Murray made his second visit to Gloucester, his journal saying "Here my God grants me rest from my toils; here I have a taste of heaven. The new song is sung here, and 'worthy is the Lamb' constantly dwells upon their tongues." But "the heaven-instructed preacher," as she terms him, sought to forward his work in Portsmouth for a time. Opposition drove him again to Gloucester. "Attached to the Gloucesterians," she writes, "Mr. Murray once more believed he had found a permanent residence."

I do not need to tell the story of his experiences in the years that followed; but through all the tale of his buffetings by the waves of opposition and his final success, the loyalty and devotion of the members of the Sargent family to him and to his teaching shines luminously.

In October, 1788, at Salem, he was married to Mrs. Judith Stevens; and from date, as long as he lived, the story of his travels and work was her story. He had just returned from a missionary visit to England, bearing credentials from his friends in Boston and Gloucester. The Gloucester statement was as follows:

"Gloucester, January 4, 1778.

"Be it known universally, that We, the elders, on behalf of the Independent Church of Christ in Gloucester, do certify that the bearer, Mr. John Murray, is, and has been for many years past, our ordained minister, and we pray God to preserve him, and return him to us in safety."

The statement is signed by Winthrop Sargent, Epes Sargent and David Plummer. The Boston credential, Mrs. Murray naively remarks, "was signed by the most respectable members of the church."

Some years ago I was fortunate enough to come into possession of an original copy of "An Appeal to the Impartial Public by the Society of Christian Independents Congregating in Gloucester," printed in Boston by Benjamin Edes & Son, MDCCLXXXV, and in a fine state of preservation. In an appendix is the uniting compact of the Gloucester society, signed, it is stated, by all the members, but the names are not given. The Appeal is the work of a scholarly person, and if it was written by Mr. Murray indicates some of the characteristics that made him a forceful preacher. Mrs. Murray's literary work shows that she was well equipped to have written it. If it was the work of Epes Sargent (as recently stated in print) or of Winthrop Sargent, one can easily understand why so many of the race have been successful writers.

Mrs. Murray heads the closing chapter of her husband's life with these words:

> "Portentiously the dense, dark cloud arose;
> Long was the night, surcharged with clustering woes;
> But, blest Religion, robed in spotless white,
> With torch of faith, pointing to realms of light,
> Marched splendid on; wide o'er the brightning way,
> Leading the saint to never-ending day."

As evidence of the difference in style of the two writers, I quote here a few passages from Rev. John Murray's tribute to the Earl of Chatham. Mrs. Murray refers to them as "inartificial lines, written one hour after he received intelligence of the demise of the celebrated and meritorious" man:

"In this great legislator's land, our flag,
Like that famed wand into a serpent changed,
As Hebrew sages sung in days of yore.
Made every other flag obsequious bow,
And every other nation owned or felt his power.
But, while remotest lands through fear obeyed,
His grateful country served with filial love,
And every son of Albion shared his care.

Nor did the British garden, blooming round,
Alone engage the heavenly laborer's toil;
With watchful eye he viewed those tender shoots,
Whilom transplanted to Columbia's soil;
Those tender lambs he gently led along,
And to their plaints still bent a parent's ear.
Dear, much-loved offspring of this happy Isle!
With us, sincere, ye mourn the common loss;
With us lament the father and the friend."

REV. MR. MURRAY'S BURIAL PLACE.

Mr. Murray died in Boston, Sunday, September 3, 1815, and his funeral occurred on the following day. The devotion of the Sargents of Boston, many of whom had been his parishoners in Gloucester before their transplanting, was shown by his interment in the Sargent family tomb in the Granary Burying Ground.

The history of this tomb would be interesting. It probably had been built long before the Sargents reached Boston. At about this period Gov. James Sullivan, who bore so conspicuous a part as counsel for Mr. Murray and the Gloucester church in the case against the first church, at which Thophilus Parsons defended the latter (the presiding justice being Hon. Francis Dana, father of the poet, Richard Henry Dana), secured from the authorities the right to use as a family tomb the tomb of Richard Bellingham, one of the earliest governors, in the Old Granary ground. Its site was directly adjoining the site of the present Tremont Building, and the drainage at the ceme-

tery was so defective that, when the tomb was opened, the casket of Gov. Bellingham was found afloat.

Twenty-two years after his death, Mr. Murray's body was removed from the Sargent tomb, and after being taken to the church where he had so long ministered, where appropriate services were held, was buried in a plot at Mount Auburn, beneath an appropriate shaft.

Five years after his death, June 6, 1820, Judith Sargent Murray died, in Natchez, Miss., at the home of her only daughter Julia, who married Adam Lewis Bingaman in 1812. In 1824 Lucius Manlius Sargent, at Natchez, viewed (as he states, with melancholy feelings), on Mr. Bingaman's plantation, three graves, side by side — that of his favorite cousin, Mrs. Judith Sargent Murray; her daughter Julia Maria Bingaman, and of her grand-daughter Charlotte.

GOV. WINTHROP SARGENT.

Capt. Winthrop Sargent's namesake and oldest son, Gov. Winthrop Sargent, was two years, lacking four days, younger than his sister Judith, his birth occurring May 1, 1753, and he died just three days before her, June 3, 1820; but, strangely enough, he did not die near her, at his magnificent estate (called, in honor of his boyhood home, Gloster Place) just out of Natchez, but at New Orleans.

He had decided to remove to Philadelphia, where other Sargents had preceded him, and was on his journey. He had appointed his widow executrix of his great property, and had appointed residents of five different states—Mississippi, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts—as co-executors; but as he died in Louisiana none of them could act.

For years he had been a martyr to the gout. Benj. K. Hough wrote of him in 1845: "I knew him as Governor of

the Mississippi Territory, and when here (in Gloucester), visiting his parents, as an elegant and accomplished gentleman."

Daniel Scott, a merchant of Boston, was in his old age an inmate of the Philadelphia Hospital. There Lucius Manilus Sargent visited him. Mr. Sargent was warned by Mr. Mason, the worthy Quaker superintendent, as follows. "If friend Scott knoweth aught of thy relations to their prejudice, thee may prepare thyself to hear of it". "Friend Scott," said Mr. Mason, "Here is friend Sargent come to see thee from Boston."

Scott jumped up and looked sharply through the grating.

"Yes" said he, "that's a Sargent face, what's your father's name?"

"The same as your own," was the reply, "Daniel."

"Old Daniel?"

"Aye."

"God never made an honester man. What relation are you to Winthrop, who was in the Revolutionary war?"

"Cousin," said Mr. Sargent, "he was 33 years older than I."

"Well," said Mr. Scott, "he was the only man who could contrive to eat off a plate in the American army."

Graduating from Harvard College in 1771, Winthrop Sargent became captain of one of his father's ships. In July, 1775, he quitted the ocean for the camp, soon becoming captain of artillery in the mortar batteries at Roxbury, and of course was with his guns on Dorchester Heights at the evacuation of Boston. He was then ordered to New York, was with Gen. Lee in the march through New Jersey, was in Gen. Glover's brigade in the battle of Trenton, served as major of artillery and was wounded in the battle of Brandywine, was with Gen. Wayne at Germantown and participated in the sufferings at Valley Forge. After the

war he became secretary and adjutant-general with St. Clair, governor of the Northwest Territory.

He was wounded in the terrible battle of the Miami villages. Gen. St. Clair died in the Alleghany hills, years after, the keeper of a grog shop. Sargent heard the cry of the Sioux early on the morning of the battle. He was lying in his birth suffering tortures with the gout, sprang up, filled his boots with cold water, thrust in his feet, and entered the fray. "Nothing," he afterwards said, "ever struck him so horribly as the yell of those Sioux."

He was appointed governor of the Mississippi, Territory by President John Adams, and removed by Jefferson. In politics he was a Federalist.

Gov. Winthrop Sargent, like his sister, Judith Sargent Murray, wooed the muses. In 1803 he published a poem entitled "Boston," and as early as 1716 published "Papers Relative to Certain American Antiquities." His namesake, son of George Washington Sargent and grandson of Gov. Winthrop Sargent, born in Philadelphia in 1825, lived most of his life in New York City. He was both a lawyer and an author, most of his works being on historical subjects.

EPES SARGENT.

Epes Sargent, editor, poet and dramatist, was born in Gloucester in 1813, and was educated in Harvard. From 1846 he was for years editor of the Boston Transcript. He wrote four dramas, published one volume of poems, several miscellaneous works and many school textbooks. Apropos of his work as a dramatist, it is worth remarking that he left no descendants, but that the youngest Epes Sargent of this generation is a successful author of moving picture plays.

An interesting problem in priorities is furnished by the following quotation from the pen of Epes Sargent. Did

Longfellow get the story for "The Wreck of the Hesperus" from this verse? I have heretofore shown that Richard Norman lived at Kettle Cove, and doubtless owned the Norman's Woe rock. Sargent writes:

> "From the main shore cut off and isolated
> By the invading, the circumfluent waves,
> A rock, which time had made an island, spread
> With a small patch of brine-defying herbage,
> Is known as Norman's Woe; for on this rock
> Two hundred years ago, was Captain Norman,
> In his good ship from England driven and wrecked
> In a wild storm, and every life was lost."

The late William Winter wrote this portrait of Sargent: "Epes Sargent, who wrote "A Life on the Ocean Wave," which the popular vocalist, Russell, always sang "A Life on the Ocean Sea,"—was prominent then, and being a townsman of mine, as Whipple was (we were all natives of Gloucester), he was friendly toward me and propitious toward my verse. A dapper, elegant little man he was, neatly attired, swinging a thin, polished back bamboo cane, and seeming the embodiment of cheer."

JOHN SINGER SARGENT.

It is pleasing to know that in these mature days of John Singer Sargent's career he is not only completing his fine mural decoration, "The Pageant of Religion," in the Sargent hall of the Boston Public Library, but that he also has a commission to furnish the mural decorations for the central hall of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. Sargent was born in Florence, Italy, 1856, the son of Dr. Fitz-William Sargent (son of Winthrop, grandson of Fitz William and great-grandson of Capt. Winthrop Sargent) a Philadelphia physician, born in Gloucester, who retired from practice and went to Europe to live in 1855. His wife was an accomplished painter in water colors. Sargent

became a pupil of Carolus Duran, at Paris, at the age of 18, and from that period on his career as a painter has been one of unbroken success. Since 1884 he has made his home in London, but his paintings and his portraits are everywhere. In 1909 he gave up portraiture. In 1912 there was an imposing exhibition of his water colors in London and New York, of which the Brooklyn Museum purchased 83 examples and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts 45.

PROF. CHARLES SPRAGUE SARGENT.

Prof. Charles Sprague Sargent, the eminent arboriculturist, was born in Boston in 1841, graduated at Harvard in 1862, served in the Federal army, became director of the Arnold Arboretum in 1872 and professor in Harvard 1879. His publications are many, all of a scientific character. His father, the second Ignatius Sargent, was long a director of the Boston and Albany Railroad, of which Prof. Sargent has been the president for many years.

To turn for a moment to the daughters of this interesting family other than Judith Sargent: The first (or second) William had a daughter Ann, who married Nathaniel Ellery. She lived to be 90 years old, her home being at the corner of Front and Hancock street, where it stood until 1840. David Plummer occupied the premises long before her death, apparently, and I think she became the mistress of the second Nathaniel Ellery, or Gilbert, house. Sarah, daughter of Col. Epes Sargent, married Nathaniel Allen, and was the original of a famous portrait by John Singelton Copley, for which she sat 32 times. Babson apparently thought the portrait was of her aunt Ann, just mentioned. None of her descendants are living.

SAMUEL GILMAN.

A while ago, the Times printed a biographical sketch of Samuel Gilman, and I will not attempt to reproduce it. He had a long and useful career as a scholar, pastor and preacher, but one touching Gloucester as lightly as the careers of some other noted sons. He has been referred to as a poet, and it is interesting to note that twice he made a Harvard celebration the occasion for a commemoration poem. He graduated in 1811, wrote "Fair Harvard" for the 200th anniversary in 1835, and the commencement poem for the Class of 1811 on its 40th anniversary,—it being published by Tickner, Reed & Fields in 1852. Viewing it in its personal aspect, he made a direct reference to the Sargent-Murray-Gilman house, in the second verse of "Fair Harvard," already quoted:

> "To thy bowers we were led in the bloom of our youth,
> From the home of our infantile years."

In the second poem, "The Pleasures and Pains of a Student's Life," he recalls, under the caption "1852—Sequel" the scenes of the commemoration—the day which, through "Fair Harvard," made him famous. He writes:

> "Who can forget that famed centennial year
> When Harvard hailed her sons from far and near?
> What joy, what beckonings, what exchanged surprise,
> As at each other flashed inquiring eyes!
> How changed, yet how the same, ourselves we found
> Since last we parted on that classic ground."

CHAPTER SIX.

LATER HISTORY OF THE SARGENT HOMES.

During the afternoon of July 30, 1794, on the morning of which day the great fire occurred in Boston, three pirates, brought home in irons, on board the brig Betsey, Captain Saunders, belonging to Daniel Sargent, were hung on the Common; and three governors, sitting in their chairs, would not have drawn half the concourse, then and there assembled. —*Lucius Manlius Sargent*, writing on old-time amusements, in "Dealings with the Dead."

While pale with rage the white surf springs
  Athwart the harbor bar,
The safe ships fold their snowy wings
  Beneath the evening star:
In this calm haven, rocked to sleep,
  All night they swing and sway,
Till mantles o'er the morning deep
  The golden blush of day.

—*William Winter*, "At Anchor."

Little Good Harbor Beach shall be our point;
So called because an Indian once pronounced
The harbor "little good" meaning "quite bad."
Running out southerly the ocean side
Of Eastern Point; its lofty landward end
Gray with huge cliffs, there shall you mark Bass Rock,
Rare outlook when a storm-wind from the east
Hurls the Atlantic up the craggy heights.

—*Epes Sargent.*

Dead! he so great, and strong, and wise,
  While the mean thousands yet drew breath;
How deepened, through that dread surprise,
  The mystery and the awe of death!

From the high place whereon our votes
  Had borne him, clear, calm, earnest fell
His first words, like the prelude notes
  Of some great anthem yet to swell.

We seemed to see our flag unfurled,
Our champion waiting in his place
For the last battle of the world
The Armageddon of the race.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier*, on the death of Rantoul.

This chapter is an afterthought. The publication of the preceding numbers had aroused such kindly interest, and resulted in so many appreciative words, that when I was asked to complete (as well as circumstances would permit) the story of the old Sargent homes and their occupants in succeeding generations, for the gratification of a not unreasonable curiosity, I found I shared the curiosity myself, and therefore addressed myself to the task.

As the story I had told largely dealt with the Revolutionary era, it occurred to me that an excellent starting point would be to look up the old mansions after the lapse of nearly a century, at the opening of the Civil War. Mr. Babson's priceless History of Gloucester was published in 1860, and in the chapter reviewing the houses on Main (that is, Front, Fore and Spring, in those days), Middle and Prospect (then High and Back) streets at the close of the Revolution he would generally say whether a house was still standing, but with no statement concerning its later owner or occupant.

GLOUCESTER'S FIRST DIRECTORY AND ALMANAC.

So I bethought me of the Gloucester Directory and Almanac for 1860. It stands in my library with my file of Boston Almanacs (being of the same size), which more than bridges the gap between my Massachusetts Registers (1780–1849) and Manuals of the General Court, which cover the past 50 years. This Gloucester Directory has the bookplate of the late John Stevens Ellery Rogers. John Stevens Ellery, his great-grandfather, was born in

the Nathaniel Ellery house (the then gambrel-roofed house at the junction of Western avenue and Fore street that we know as the Gilbert Home) and married Esther, daughter of Capt. Winthrop Sargent. John Stevens Ellery built one of the first three-story houses in Gloucester, on Middle street, which recently made way for the Young Men's Christian Association building. His own grandmother, wife of the first Nathaniel Ellery, was Ann Sargent (aunt to Capt. Winthrop Sargent) so that John S. E. Rogers, who in later years occupied the site of the Winthrop Sargent mansion, corner of Main and Duncan streets, as a business location, was a descendant of the Sargent family in two lines.

But in 1860 the Winthrop Sargent mansion was the home of the Gloucester Lyceum, which, in a few years more was, through the generosity of Samuel E. Sawyer, to find a permanent resting place in the childhood home of Judith (Saunders) Sargent, the first mistress of the Winthrop Sargent mansion. The Lyceum then boasted a library of 2,200 volumes. My good friend, John D. Woodbury, tells me that when he was a pupil in the High School he was in the habit of making daily visits to this library, which was in the Duncan street side of the first floor, entered from Spring street, for books. Soon after (in 1864) came the most serious of the great fires that have periodically devastated Front street, and the historic old home was sacrificed, being successfully blown up to stop the progress of the flames, thus saving the Daniel Sargent mansion and much other valuable property.

I suppose Dr. Fitz William Sargent (father of John Singer Sargent) was the last famous Sargent to be born in the Winthrop Sargent house. His birth occurred in 1820. His brother, Winthrop (the fifth Winthrop in as many generations) was born two years later.

THE DANIEL SARGENT MANSION.

The next house, number 9 Spring street, was in 1860 the home of James Mansfield, grocer, and was known, as it is still known, as the "Mansfield" house, having been deserted by the Sargent family fifty years before. Daniel Sargent left it at the close of the Revolution, turning it over to his son Ignatius, the father residing for a time in Newburyport, and then settling permanently in Boston.

I have already pictured Daniel Sargent as he was known in Boston, but would like to add that through his life he specialized in mansions. His first home in Boston was on Atkinson (now Congress) street, near High street, and the description of it that remains pictures a house and grounds of an almost spectacular splendor. This, too, he eventually left, for a home at the corner of Essex and Lincoln streets, even more spacious and attractive. The inventory of his estate in the Suffolk probate records in 1806, details its sumptuous furnishings room by room. In fact, it was never, I think, occupied as a private dwelling again, being purchased by one of the many charitable organizations of the day to house its beneficiaries. At his death, his old home on Atkinson street was in the occupancy of Ignatius (who had already left the Spring street house for Boston) while two other houses owned by Daniel Sargent on the same street were occupied by William Paine and Isaac Rich. Good old Daniel must have numbered Isaac Rich among the protegees he brought up from Cape Cod, and the students of Boston University, which Isaac Rich founded, should revere his memory. Daniel Sargent's one-third right in Long Wharf, Boston, Store No. 15, was valued at $10,000.

Daniel Sargent left property valued at $7,450 in Gloucester. It included the house and land adjoining the Col.

Epes Sargent mansion, opposite his homestead; the land on which the "Universal" chapel stood, bounded on the west by land of Ignatius Sargent (that is, the homestead;) the mowing ground, or "old flake yard," about where Rogers street now runs; a house and garden by the wharf; the old (original) wharf for repairing vessels; the new wharf, store and cooper's shop; the Goodridge pasture on Back street; a piece of land in Dogtown and land at Eastern Point. Five undivided sixths of all this property was, in 1807, released to Major Ignatius Sargent by his brothers, in consideration of a payment of $10, the release also including the homestead property later known as the Mansfield House. This, of course, empowered the Major to give a clear title of the property to prospective purchasers, and in 1808 he disposed of most of it to different individuals.

GLOUCESTER'S OLD WHARVES.

The brothers Procter omitted a list of the Gloucester wharves in their 1860 Directory, and Mr. Babson, while giving fine histories of some of them, omitted to identify them; but twenty years later in "The Fishermen's Own Book" the omission was corrected. The Sargent wharf at the foot of Duncan street, long the property, successively, of Capt. Winthrop, Fitz William and his son Winthrop, Sargent, Benjamin Kent Hough and Frederick G. Low, had passed into the hands of John G. Bennett; Andrew Leighton owned what was earlier known as Daniel Sargent's "new" wharf; and the name of Caswell's wharf was attached to the original wharf of Daniel Sargent, long used for graving or repairing vessels; while the famous Col. Pearce wharf, earlier the property of Col. Epes Sargent and his son Epes, had become the property of Michael Whalen and Son.

In 1808, as I have said, Major Ignatius Sargent sold to Col. Pearce the lot where the Bradford Building now stands "adjoining the small meeting house lately occupied by the Universal Society," and including the lane leading to his wharves (Water street); to Jonathan Brown the "old flake yard near the John Lowe estate," just described; to Perez Lincoln the house next the ancestral mansion (of Col. Epes Sargent), reserving the right to use the well for the new owner of the Daniel Sargent mansion, opposite; and to Capt. Theodore Stanwood the homestead property of his late father, Daniel Sargent. He also sold to Arthur Caswell, who gave his name to it, the old wharf, and a dwelling house and land on the site referred to, for $1,200, and land in what was called the Goodridge pasture on Back street to Elijah Foster and Joseph Trask. Hence, I suppose, "Trask's Oaks." I have elsewhere told the story of little Dorcas Foster of Dogtown, who spent so much of her life in the little old house near Warner, on Back street.

Though Major Sargent seems to have pretty well sold out in 1808, he did not lose his interest in Gloucester and the old homes, for in 1829 we find him joining with Peter Chardon Brooks in the purchase of the Winthrop Sargent mansion. I like to think of him, however, as an occupant of the Daniel Sargent house, and of course he never lived in the Winthrop Sargent house, the destruction of which I have described. When he left Cape Ann his son and namesake, Ignatius, was a small child. In time he, too, became an occupant of a famous mansion, the Samuel Brooks house, still standing, in Medford, not far from the great park where Peter Chardon Brooks made his home. Not long ago I spoke at the laying of the corner-stone of the new building of the Medford Historical Society. The corner-stone was the door-stone of the Peter Chardon

Brooks mansion, the house where his nephew and niece, the father and mother of Bishop Phillips Brooks, first met; and I recalled the stories told by my great-grandmother of the days when she went horseback riding with her cousin, Peter C. Brooks. In the Samuel Brooks house Prof. Charles S. Sargent was born, growing up on the noble estate his father later purchased in Brookline, which is still the professor's home.

CAPT. THEODORE STANWOOD.

Theodore Stanwood was born in the West Parish in 1775, the son of Zebulon and Mary (Rust) Stanwood. The late Barnard Stanwood bore to him the double relation of nephew and adopted brother, he having been the son of Theodore's sister, Hannah Byles Stanwood (who married Barnard Lunnaway) and adopted by the grandfather, Zebulon, after his mother's death. Mr. Babson speaks of Theodore Stanwood as "an intelligent shipmaster" and his portrait, reproduced, with much of his correspondence with his son and namesake, Theodore, in Mrs. Ethel Stanwood Bolton's "History of the Stanwood Family," fully justifies the term. He was an intimate friend of Major Ignatius Sargent, who was the administrator of his estate. Just before the War of 1812, Capt. Stanwood, with his son Theodore, sailed from Gloucester for Europe, leaving his wife, Sarah, daughter of Rev. John Rogers, in the Daniel Sargent house, with the rest of his family. Before they could start on their return voyage war was declared between England and the United States. Rather than risk the dangers of such a voyage, Capt. Stanwood placed his son in school at St. Petersburg, while he spent months in travel and study in Sweden, Denmark and Russia. The letters referred to were written in this period, and are preserved by the Stanwood family of Cincin-

nati. In April, 1814, the father sailed for home, but was drowned on the passage, and the last letter reproduced by Mrs. Bolton is that written by Ignatius Sargent to the son, still in Russia, conveying the intelligence of his father's death, and written in much the formal but sympathetic language Mr. Sargent's brother, Lucius Manlius, would have used in like circumstances.

In October, 1818, Mrs. Stanwood was granted her right of dower in the old house, she being assigned the eastern half, from the centre of the front door to the garret, in a direct line to the fence between the upper and lower garden; also the whole of pew No. 2 in the meeting-house of the First Parish. In 1824 Amelia Sargent, daughter of Theodore and Sarah (Rogers) Stanwood, married Rev. Andrew Bigelow, D. D., at about that time preaching in Gloucester. He was a grand-nephew of Col. William Prescott, who commanded at Bunker Hill, and brother-in-law of Hon. Abbott Lawrence, minister to Great Britain. A few months later Amelia's elder sister, Sarah, married John Woodward Low, long prominent in the business, civic and financial affairs of Gloucester, who thenceforth became an occupant and ultimately the owner of the ancient mansion, until it passed into the hands of the Mansfield family, by whom it was sold to the late Thomas B. Ferguson.

DR. CHARLES H. HILDRETH.

Before passing to a study of other Sargent houses, it should be stated that in 1860, Dr. Charles H. Hildreth, long an active physician and useful citizen of Gloucester, had his office at No. 9 Spring street, in the Daniel Sargent, or Mansfield house. He was a native of Gloucester, the son of Rev. Hosea Hildreth, from 1825–1833 pastor of the First Parish, and Richard Hildreth, the historian, was his

brother. A sister married James Mansfield, which doubtless accounts for his presence in the famous old house; and in that house, a year before (Jan. 22, 1859) his mother had died. The first Richard Hildreth lived long in Chelmsford. His daughter Jane married Robert Proctor, an ancestor of mine. Not far away, in Woburn, lived Deacon John Wilson, who raised a remarkable family of daughters. His daughter Abigail, at the age of 17, married Joseph Hildreth, and they were ancestors of Richard and Charles H. Hildreth. Joseph Hildreth died early and his widow married Jonathan Barrett. I am descended from the second marriage. Abigail's sister Dorcas married Aaron Cleveland and they were distant grand-parents of President Grover Cleveland. Hannah Wilson, a third daughter of the good deacon, was thrice married, her second husband being James Proctor, son of Robert and Ann (Hildreth) Proctor mentioned above, President Walker of Harvard and his cousin, my great-grandmother (who rode horseback with Peter C. Brooks) being their grand-children. Elizabeth Wilson, a fourth daughter, married Isaac Hildreth, brother to Joseph and Ann. So much concerning a tangle that has bothered more than one genealogist.

CHAPTER SEVEN

CONCLUSION.

Farewell! nor mist, nor flying cloud,
Nor night can ever dim
The wreath of honor, pure and proud,
Our hearts have twined for him!
But bells of memory still shall chime,
And violets star the sod
Till our last broken wave of time
Dies on the shores of God.

—*William Winter*, on Edwin Booth.

If the house opposite the Ferguson Block, and next the Post Office, is not the Ignatius Sargent house, it stands on the site of that dwelling. It seems to be the original. It was the "first parcel" which was alloted to Daniel Sargent in the Col. Epes Sargent division, belonged to Daniel at his death, and was sold by Ignatius to Rev. Perez Lincoln. I have been unable to locate its occupant in a study of the 1860 Almanac, few of the Spring street houses, apparently, having been numbered at that time; but Mr. Babson speaks of it as for some time occupied by Samuel Lane, father of Samuel R. Lane, long a prominent merchant. Twenty years ago, Eben B. Bray lived on the spot, his wife having inherited the house from a Mrs. Newell.

Rev. Perez Lincoln succeeded Rev. Eli Forbes as pastor of the First Church in 1805, having been born in Hingham, the son of David Lincoln. Two years after he bought the house his health failed, and he died the following year. Before his death he gave to Thomas Parsons, merchant, of whom more hereafter, a quitclaim deed of the Col. Epes Sargent mansion, so long to be known as the Webster house, at the corner of Fore and Pleasant streets, describing the bounds of the property with great accuracy. I do not understand this deed, but think it had something

to do with the well, through which the dividing line ran, rights in which were reserved to Capt. Stanwood when Mr. Lincoln bought his property. One is led to wonder whether the families of Epes, Winthrop and Daniel, the brothers, and of Ignatius, the son, all used the well as their only source of water supply in earlier days.

In 1817, Joanna Quincy Lincoln, widow, sold the Lincoln property to Capt. Epes Ellery. Mr. Babson erroneously speaks of her as Sophia. She was the daughter of Thomas Loring, a prominent citizen of Hingham, and was named for her grandmother, Joanna Quincy.

Capt. Ellery was long the owner of the house. In 1831 he sold to William E. P. Rogers, the owner and editor of Gloucester's first newspaper, the *Telegraph*, the property adjoining him on the east, which he bought of the savings bank in 1820. I have already spoken of Capt. Ellery as grandson of the first Nathaniel and Ann (Sargent) Ellery, sister of Col. Epes Sargent. He was a prominent shipmaster.

THE WEBSTER HOUSE.

I have already given the history of the famous Col. Epes Sargent House; its history when it became the Webster House is different. When Rev. Mr. Lincoln bought the Ignatius Sargent house, it adjoined the property of Thomas Parsons (that Thomas, merchant, I think, son of Isaac, who was a representative in 1808–1811 and ended his days in Boston.) Ten years later, when Capt. Epes Ellery made his purchase, the old place belonged to Fitz William Sargent, who sold it to his daughter, Judith Williams, immediately after. I would advise any person who follows me in tracing the ownership of this house to look for some transaction between "Williams" and "Dumphy." In my studies, I overlooked the fact that Nathaniel R. Webster had his name legally changed, and

that his son, Nathaniel, bore the name Dumphy in his early life.

I do not think that Hon. Robert Rantoul ever owned the Col. Sargent house, but see no reason to doubt that it was his home during the period when he resided in Gloucester, 1833–1839. He represented the town in the General Court in 1835–1838, where he won a wide reputation for his ability, boldness and independence, a reputation which culminated in brief service in the United States Senate in 1851, he having been elected to Congress in the same year.

Soon after Rantoul's return to his native town, Beverly (the lot on which it stood having been selected as the site of the new Custom House and Post Office, built in 1854), the house was moved back to the garden plot in the rear, and turned around to face Pleasant street. At about that time John Peabody, who sold the house to Nathaniel R. Webster, opened the place as a hotel. Six years later, Peabody was not in Gloucester. Nathaniel Webster was a stable-keeper, residing on Spring street. Careful study, however, reveals the fact that the Webster House was entertaining guests — a local jeweler, two of the town's milliners and several fishermen. The most notable of those sheltered beneath its roof, however, was a rising young attorney, Charles P. Thompson. Judge Thompson, like Rantoul, had come to Gloucester to practice law. However, Mr. Babson, in 1860, failed to name him as a Gloucester lawyer. Years after, before his elevation to the bench, he, too, was to represent Rantoul's district in Congress. Who in Gloucester fails to respect Judge Thompson's learning, revere his memory, or affectionately recall his genial spirit and bubbling wit? One of his professional associates and successors in practice is now the owner of the Col. Sargent–Webster house.

THE SARGENT–MURRAY–GILMAN HOUSE.

In 1860, Capt. George Whittemore Plumer was residing on Middle street—as I suppose, in the Sargent–Murray–Gilman house. There, about a quarter of a century later, I found him, in one of the fine old parlors I have already described, being the first time I ever entered the famous dwelling. Soon after Winthrop Sargent moved to Philadelphia—about 1834—he and his wife Emily, with Addison Plumer, for his two children, gave a quitclaim deed to the Gloucester Evangelical Society of land at Middle and School streets—the latter a lane—it being the site for the society's church building, where its successor now stands. At the time of the Revolution the house on this lot was the home of Josiah Haskell, sexton of the First Church, whose daughter Mary, I suppose, married Maj. Plumer. She was mother of the two children, but not of George Whittemore Plumer, son of the Major by a second wife. A house, soon after the Revolution, adjoined this property, in which I am sure Fitz William Sargent, father of Winthrop, lived, though he apparently lived also in two houses on Front street, one the Winthrop Sargent mansion.

In 1802, Esther Ellery, widow of John Stevens Ellery, in the presence of Ignatius Sargent and Mary S. Allen, quitclaimed her right and title to the Sargent–Murray–Gilman property in consideration of $832.33 "heretofore paid by Frederick Gilman, merchant, and by and through him, by Benjamin Kent Hough, merchant," the document also referring to previous deeds already mentioned. A month before, by order of the Court of Common Pleas, Abigail H. Gilman, administratrix, had sold the same house to B. K. Hough for $3,945, so that Mrs. Ellery's deed was evidently to clear the title. She was a daughter of Capt. Winthrop Sargent and a sister of Judith Sargent

Murray, her home being in the fine house at Middle and Hancock streets I have mentioned. Here, in his new purchase, Mr. Hough was to live for more than a generation. I always think of him as sort of a foster-brother (or son) of the Sargents. Through their influence he, but for them a friendless lad, learned the lessons of prudence and thrift that made him both affluent and influential. They placed him, as a boy, in the store of David Plumer (grandfather of Capt. George W. Plumer) at the corner of Front and Hancock streets, but in a few years we find him in Winthrop Sargent's counting room, and, soon after, in business for himself. He died in 1855.

I hardly need detail more of the recent story of the house or the circumstances that led to its preservation by its recent owner, whose interest in rare and beautiful old articles of furniture made it possible for buyers and sightseers to see all in such a perfect environment, thus becoming interested in the preservation of the mansion. I purposely refrain from giving statements connecting certain individuals with the house, where a confusion of dates will awaken doubts in the mind of the reader.

In the lapse of years the mansion lost its frontage on Main (or Front) street. The 1860 Directory shows Cyrus Story, Jr., dealing in a variety of groceries and hardware at 95 Front street, a location where, as a magistrate and "trader," as the Vital Records term him, he spent the rest of his good and useful life, his premises screening the colonial house and garden from passers-by. I have been told by one who was a child a few decades ago, of the interest excited in her mind, as she played about the Story premises, by Judith Murray's neglected terraces and flowers.

OTHER OLD SARGENT HOMES.

I need say but little in addition of the homestead of Madam Ann (Sargent) Ellery on Front street, which was standing at the time of the Revolution (the site being now occupied by Barker's drug store). Her daughter Mary married Rev. John Rogers, the pastor of the Fourth Parish "Up in Town," and the latter's daughter, Sally, married Capt. Theodore Stanwood, as related. Her son, Epes (named for Col. Sargent, her brother) lived in a house on the south side of Middle street near Pleasant. Her son Nathaniel lived in the mansion now known as the Gilbert Home during the Revolution. Whether this was built by the elder or younger Nathaniel Ellery, in 1750, I do not know; but as the mother (Ann Sargent) died in 1782, aged 90, over 20 years after her husband, I think she died in the house and probably lived there over 30 years. It is interesting to reflect that when she died, Mrs. Mary H. Gilbert, who celebrated her centenary (I shall never forget that birthday party) in the house, was a little child, and that the lives of the two mistresses of the mansion covered almost two hundred years of the history of Gloucester, reaching back into the first half-century of its settlement. What a fine gentleman of the old school Addison Gilbert (the last owner and donor to the public of the mansion) was!

Ann Sargent had a brother Andrew, born 1683. Whether he had children I do not know, but in 1818 Judith, daughter of an Andrew and Rachel (Brown) Sargent, sold to William Beach a dwelling house and land on the north side of Middle street, between the estate of Thomas Saunders and that of John Somes, which came from her father's estate.

Among Col. Paul Dudley Sargent's sons was Dr.

Thomas Sargent, whose son, Capt. Dudley Sargent, was born in 1769, and for a time resided in Newburyport. He married Hannah Peters Fuller, daughter of Rev. Daniel Fuller, the famous Revolutionary chaplain of the West Parish. The wife became an historical personage at the early age of three and one-half years, her father adding to the story of the Lexington fight, in his since-published diary, "Hannah Peters began to go to school." The couple lived in the old country parsonage, had a son Paul Dudley, and another, Daniel Fuller, Sargent.

Early in this study I commented on the leadership of the Sargents in the development of Gloucester. This cannot be emphasized too strongly. I have classed the Sawyer Library building among the group identified with the Old Sargent homes. The first mistress of that mansion was Judith (Robinson) Saunders, who gave her name to her daughter Judith (Saunders) Sargent and the latter's daughter Judith (Sargent) Murray. Judith Robinson was the daughter of Capt. Andrew Robinson, who invented and built the first schooner. Gov. Winthrop Sargent, by the way, left to his son, George Washington Sargent, of Philadelphia, the basin used in administering the rite of baptism by Rev. John Robinson, the Pilgrims' pastor in Leyden, in Holland, who is claimed to have been grandfather of Capt. Andrew Robinson. The Sargents were leaders, not only in the fishing trade, but in the establishment of foreign commerce in Gloucester. When eight residents at the Harbor decided to secure a meeting-house nearer than that on the Green, "Up in Town," by building it at their own charges, Col. Epes Sargent was the leader in the movement, and the First Parish moved to the church. Col. Epes' son and namesake invited John Murray to Cape Ann, his son Winthrop sheltered him, and another son, Daniel, provided the site for his chapel,

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though Daniel kept his pew in the First Church and took another in the First Church, on Cornhill, when he moved to Boston. The Sargents shared the town offices in turn, and from generation to generation. Capt. Winthrop Sargent and his nephew, Epes, were in the convention of 1779, which formed the State Constitution. The last Winthrop Sargent, who removed to Philadelphia in 1834, was, it is said, so universally trusted that money in his hands was considered as safe as though in a bank. Although business disaster overtook him, his financial reputation was doubtless well deserved (for bank presidents were common in the family, and one member was long State treasurer); while success and honor came from the misfortune which prompted his migration, for no member of the family has won greater fame than has his grandson, John Singer Sargent.

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